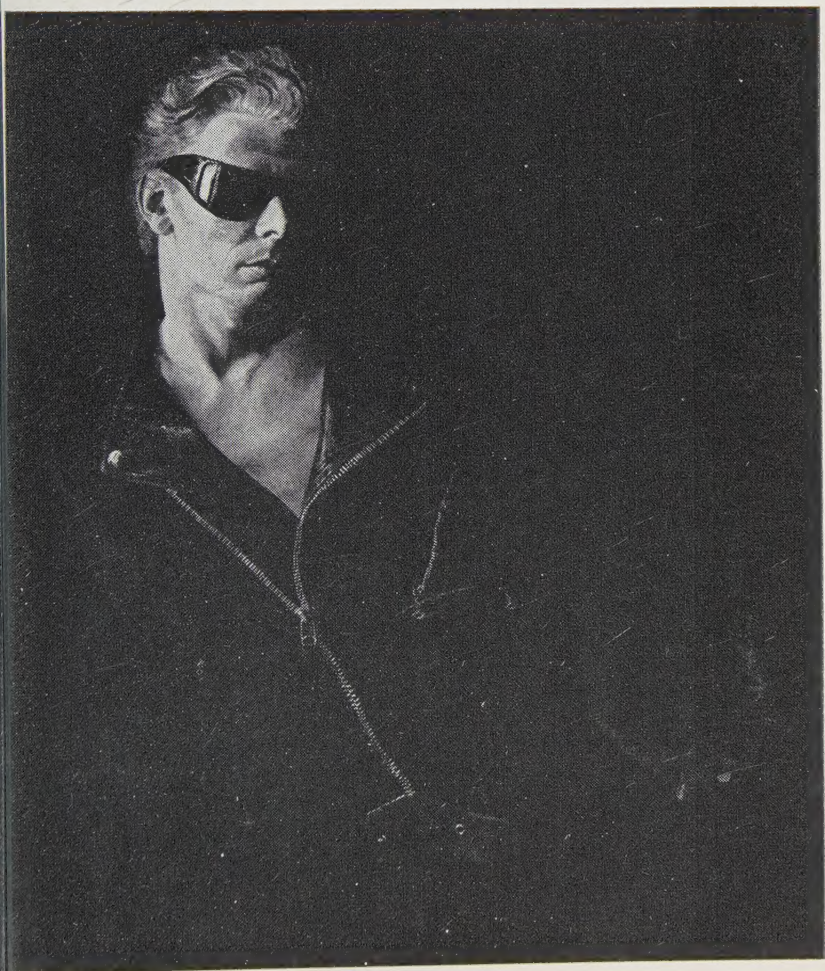


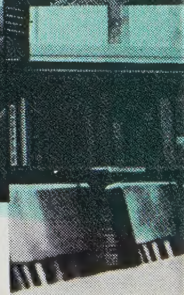
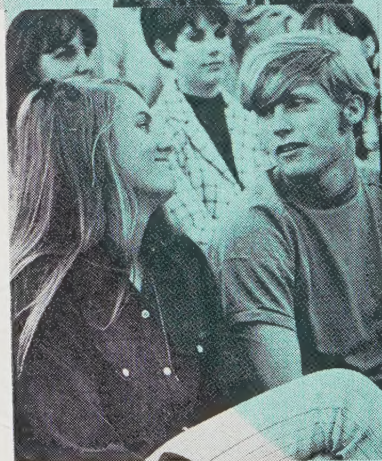


**youth** AUGUST/69 GROWING UP WORLD



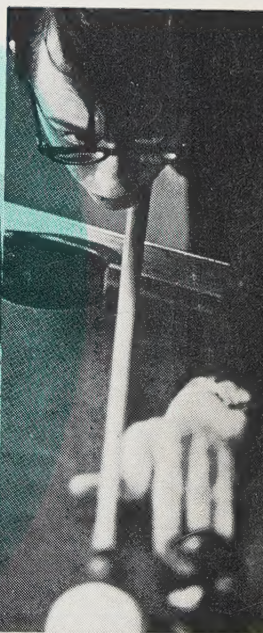
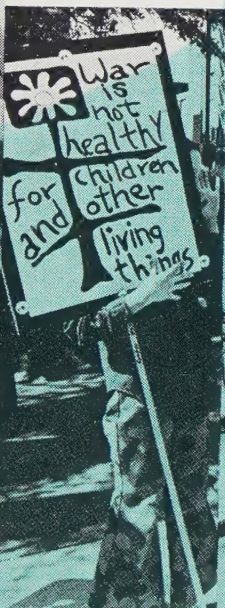
DRAFT AGE BY JAMES WYETH

# LOVE





# ALL YOU NEED



There are lots of kinds  
of love and loving . . .  
what is *Real Love*?

August, 1969

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BY JACK H. BRENNECKE / By the end of my last article, "Nowhere Man," (*Youth*, May 18, 1969) I knew I had opened up a Pandora Box (and the Editor wrote and told me so!!), and that I could not run for my summer vacation and leave you and your parents hanging in the air. In that article, I casually (though heart-feltedly) told you what some kids I know were dropping out of society—deserting a sinking ship, like. I said, and still say, many of the adults in our society are pursuing "nowhere goals," and are going to end with, maybe, a lot of money and goodies, but nothing inside them that matters, that satisfies, that lasts.

What I suggested at the end was that "all you need is Love" was a bad answer to the problem. The ending was for a purpose. Maybe if you read that article and are not getting to this one, you've had time to think about that idea, and it worked its way into your Being.

It should read (at the risk of losing poetic rhythm): "All you need is Real Love." There are lots of kinds of "love" and "loving," but I guess we're talking about something very heavy, very deep, very full, very wide, and, I'm afraid, very very rare. We're talking about Love: the relationship between two people that gives at least as much as it takes that doesn't rob either party of



love means giving as much as you're taking . . .

his/her wholeness and integrity, that conveys concern and caring for the loved one, that involves affection and demonstrations of tenderness, that means openness and authentic personhood.

(Pause. Re-read, chew the words bit. Ready to go on?)

Let's explore these ideas. *Love* as you get it from Hollywood and some of the European cine-makers (spell as you wish!), is a kind of magical, gossamer, slick, whirlwind, sigh-itch-groan-smile-sleep kind of trip. It's close to Love. All these film-makers' tricks are *part* of Love, and I couldn't subtract one fabulous experience that they hint at in vivid, wide-screen, full-color, stereo-sound splendor. All I would add is that all this "magic" and "passion" is going on, if it's Love, between two flesh-and-blood human beings, not just characters or roles. There is a unique human being (the likes of whom will never be on earth again) forming a relationship-of-meaning to another unique human being. If the script or the flick misses that, they've missed the whole meaningful idea.

Let me take that first-page definition point by point, because it's important. *First*, Love is a *mutual* relationship: it means *giving at least as much as you're taking*. One-sided affairs turn me off, because they aren't Love. You have to feel that

you are important enough in the relationship to get something back; you don't give *all* the feeling and the caring and get none in return. People who do that are un-self-loving. They don't think they're worth the trouble, nor deserve also to be loved. They may be martyr-types who really dig "unrequited love" scenes, because they get an exquisite kind of suffering out of loving someone who can't even see them, who doesn't acknowledge that they're even alive! Not for me! I care enough about myself to want to share myself with someone who also likes to share with me. If you want to call that conceit, go ahead! I call it mutual respect and concern.

This thing we're calling Love is not limited to male-female sexual Love. It applies to close friends of either sex, parents and their kids, and even (breathe deeply!) your brothers and sisters. Your parents and siblings need something of you in your family love relationships, just as much as you need something of them. It begins with parents freely and openly giving out love to their children, siblings giving it to each other, and gradually extending out of the family to "significant others" in your world. By the time you are ready to share these feelings with others, you should have developed a pretty healthy self-love and self-respect. Then, when you

*At times we allow things to substitute for relationships . . .*

pick your friends and dates, you are able to enter into healthy, mutually-caring relationships: where one person who feels very good (not always satisfied) about himself gives these feelings out in the form of caring concern to another person who also has pretty good feelings about him/her own self. This makes for what could be called a Partnership or Complementary Relationship.

*Secondly*, Real Love doesn't rob either partner. A guy who exploits every girl he takes out isn't Loving her, and the same with girls who take advantage of every guy they meet. If all you're doing is "taking" from them, you are "ab-using" them. "Using" each other isn't necessarily bad, since we all find use for other people. "Ab-using" means "wrongful, hurtful, exploitative use" of another person. It means using the other person as "a thing," making him/her into just an "object." Healthy sharing means to use the other person as a person, a subject, somebody just as whole and integrated as you are. That way, nobody loses in the relationship.

Parents sometimes "ab-use" their kids, when all they see in them is "objects" of some value: like tax-deductions, proof of their sexual fertility or manhood, prize-winners, grade-getters, second-chances for them to re-live their lives.

Kids "ab-use" their parents, too. When a kid sees his parent as only a

provider of material security, allowance, a car, new clothes, status, tuition, treats and gifts: then this too is "ab-use." It robs the "object" of a person-hood, any dignity, any wholeness.

Integrity means Wholeness, that person is not just a provider, a tax deduction, a decoration to wear at dances and parties, a badge of one's ability to attract and capture a "gem," or somebody who gives you status or prestige. Wholeness means that if you accept the relationship with another person, each of you accepts and acknowledges the "whole package," the entire person. You are all of your characteristic attitudes, habits, faults, and talents and so is the other person. Again, this is true of boy-girl Love, parent-child Love, friend-friend Love, of all types of Loving.

*Thirdly*, two people who share a Love relationship care about each other, they are concerned about the well-being of the other party, and they want the best in life for the other one, just as they should want the best in life for themselves. Not "the best in life" is the point at which many people experience Bummer. It is very easy in a society that places dollar-values on every experience in life to identify "the best in life" with getting and giving *things*. I like comfortable houses, clothes, cars, going out, getting presents, and money for vacations and





extras as much as anybody, so I can't knock those things in themselves. What I'm criticizing here is the way all of us at times allow *things* to substitute for relationships. The way we care about clothes and bank accounts and cars and spending money and forget the *human* parts of a relationship.

This leads to the *fourth* point: demonstrating and showing this tenderness, this affection, this caring. Now seldom parents and their kids really communicate with each other. Now frequently we spend Saturday and Sunday apart from each other, just like the rest of the week. During the week, work and school interfere with the communication and the doing-together experiences. The weekends, such natural opportunities for some kind of inter-involvement, are lost by most of us in hobbies, yardwork, TV, ballgames, household chores, busywork. These experiences *could* be sharing-type activities, but they seldom are in most homes in middle-class America. Kids are allowed to spend all Saturday morning watching cartoons on TV while hard-working parents sleep late. When the parents do wake up, how many times do they find the kids have eaten their Froot-Loops, gulped them down, and are now down the block playing? The teen-aged kids are over at their friends', working on cars, playing records, reading magazines, cutting out patterns, shopping.

When the kids come home for lunch or dinner, the meal is too often a haphazard, eaten-in-shifts thing. Dates for the older kids, homework or TV for the others, parties and shows for the parents may make up the evening, and then bed.

Necessary activities we all agree, but not when the human relating is lost in them, or when they take the place of "being people together!"

I blamed the "system" for the emptiness of our lives before. I still do. But "systems" are continued only if the people living in those systems want them to continue; they are changed if the people want them changed.

The *fifth* and last point about Love was openness and authentic personhood. Openness means you are open to your own feelings and to those of the others in the Love relation. You try to be unguarded and free in saying and demonstrating who you are, what you feel, what you want, and what you think about other people. Authentic means "real," it means "congruent," which means through-and-through honest.

Now, how to put these things together, make them meaningful, and how to communicate them to each other, so that we build a world with fewer "Nowhere" people and more Authentic, Real, Significant persons? Kind of easier to write than to do, but that's the important thing about being Human: it's not easy, it's

painful and always a struggle, but how great it feels when you know you're trying and when it pays off!

Kids who see emptiness and hypocrisy and materialistic over-emphasis, who are sincerely critical of these things, can take a first step in their own lives by evaluating just what things and experiences are important to them. How much do you contribute to keeping that scheme-of-things going? How much do you also play that "Materialist Game?" If you help the system by playing it, try not playing it. Try giving up some of the nice, shiny "playthings" you always ask for, and letting your parents know, nicely, that you have other needs. I can't tell you what those are; only *you* know them. Try substituting relatedness for thing-collecting.

Try telling your parents some of your feelings and opinions, not just throwing them in their faces! Try "peace talk" communicating, instead of courtroom deliberations. Let them know that you have feelings and opinions and needs, and that you really do like them and Love them, and that you need and want their honest feelings and opinions too. If these clash, as they usually do, suggest that all concerned develop a system or plan by which all of you pool your ideas and try to discover together which ideas are most meaningful and practical. Parents sometimes are afraid of losing

control. If you can communicate them that you don't want to run the family (and I don't think you really do), but that you'd like increased opportunities to run your own life thereby sharing in some of the responsibilities of group living; you just never know how they might respond to that idea.

Parents need to know that they are doing all right. *Nobody* has the kind of security and confidence that they feel 100% of the time that they are doing 100% O.K. If you can tell them, when you really, honestly, feel it, that you like them, appreciate them, that they are, in spite of their errors or foolish judgment, doing a good job, you will have done a lot to help them realize their own significance and personhood, and maybe they will be in a position to help you better realize your own.

Again, "how-to's" are full of risks and with no guarantees, and you might run into dead-end streets. But, that's part of being human, not only robots and computers approaching perfection. You and I will have to be content with trying-and-failing sometimes, trying-and-making it at other times. When the risks pay off, it's a groove! Parents are human too. Even the people pushing buttons affecting other people's lives, directing wars, guiding states and nations, typing articles, and healing many hurts are: we're all human. It's a big boat, and we're all in it. The



human pay off, life is a groove! ! !



holes in the bottom and sometimes the boat threatens to fill up. At times, there are hole-pluggers, and pump-out moppers in the boat, as well as rowers and sailors. Each of us can make the voyage a bit easier, a bit more pleasant, a bit less-threatening for ourselves and others by remembering our mutual humanity and our mutual need for each other.

"No man is an island, no man stands alone," said John Donne a long time ago, even before any of us was here. People do a lot of things to try and disprove that: drugs, crimes, emotional illnesses, living in monasteries and on mountaintops alone. It's hard to disprove it. It's ridiculous to try!! If people could catch a bit of the defeat that comes from relating fully and openly and mutually, that is, in Loving, then they'd give up trying to be "rugged individualists" and they'd join the human race, giving and taking, climbing and falling, knowing fear and knowing courage; relating themselves in honest communion with each other. Then, they'd want to continue that kind of thing. Then, they'd say to each other: "I don't know if I can say the right words, but I just want you to know that I am very glad you are here, and that you like me and that I like you. I am very unsure of myself, and I can see that you're very unsure of yourself, too. I need to know how I feel, just as I

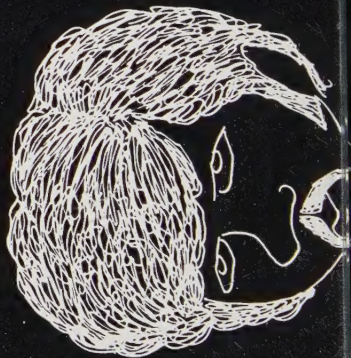
need lots of things from people and from Life. And, I think you need to know how I feel, too. I think I am important enough to have at least one friend (boy-friend, girl-friend, lover, husband, wife, parent, child, or whatever!), and I feel good enough about you to want you to be that person. I know you have needs too, and I want to try to meet as many of them as I can. I don't know how long this relationship might last, but we will try to give it meaning as long as we can. I love you because I love myself and need to share that love with somebody else. We are part of the boatload of humanity, and therefore, we are part of each other. There is so much to experience, both good and bad, joy and pain, birth and death: people ought to share these things with somebody else."

These kinds of things don't stop wars, feed the poor, bring races closer together, or cure cancer. They just make individual people closer together, and brighten individual corners of the world. If enough of these individuals get close, and if enough dark corners are brightened. . . . . Well, who knows? ▼

Mr. Brennecke teaches Psychology of Adjustment at Mt. San Antonio College in Walnut, Calif., and is Staff Psychologist for the Tri-City Mental Health Authority in Pomona, Calif., doing individual and group therapy.

# The Militant by Jules Feiffer

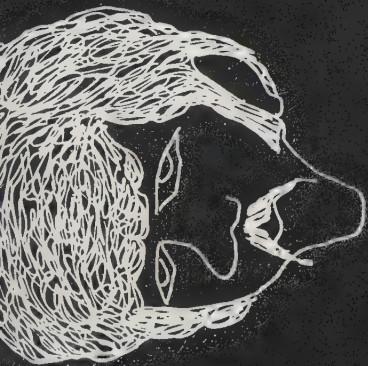
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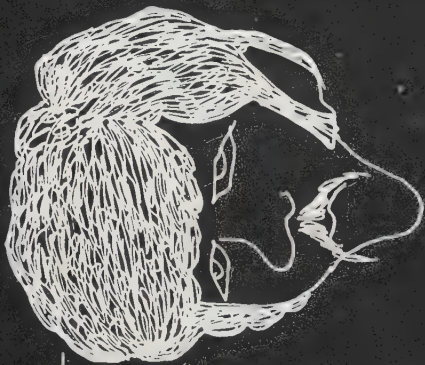
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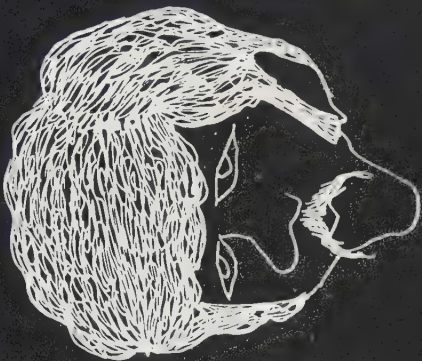




AND CALL  
COPS PIGS—



IN AN  
ATTEMPT TO  
HUMANIZE  
THIS  
BRUTALIZED  
SOCIETY.



© 1989 Julius Rosenberg 5-25

# the other city

William Boyd, James Freeman, Alfonso Garcia, and Ronald McCoy are four teenage boys from Brooklyn, N.Y., who took part in a high school photography project which was supported by a grant from the Eastman Kodak Company. With their teacher, Ray Vogel, they roamed their city—photographing the derelict houses, the abandoned cars, their homes, their school, families and friends—and their glimpses of the outside world of zoos and ferryboat rides.

Their photographs, taken during the school year and the following summer, and their words and observations as compiled by Mr. Vogel, have been published in a new book entitled, *The Other City*. On the following pages are excerpts from this book.



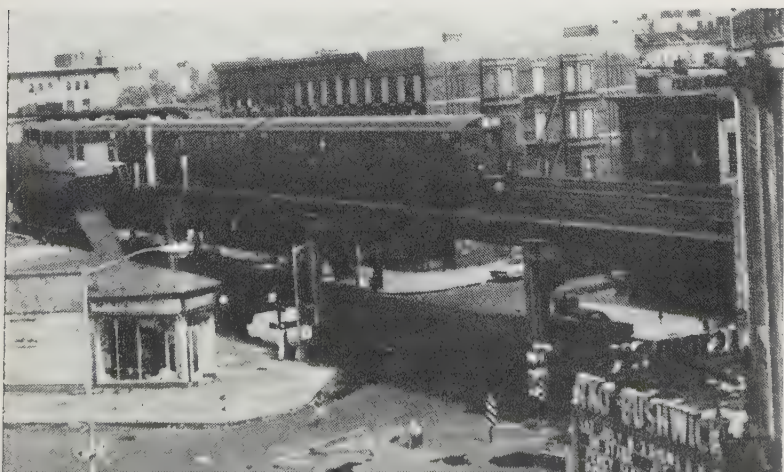
I took this picture from a fire escape. I think that's the Empire State Building over there.





Around my block you see a lot of burned-out cars just lying in the street. People rob the car and sell the pieces. Then they burn it so the cops can't find fingerprints. I saw two little kids burn a car once. They just lit up the cushion.

People around here use buses and subways to get to work or school.





When it gets real hot inside, your mother lets you play on the fire escape. A lot of kids play on fire escapes. I play on the roof.





When you grow up, you get tired of a lot of the street games. They don't seem as much fun as they used to.

Some kids quit school because they don't like it. Or maybe they have to make money for their family. This center helps kids go back to school.



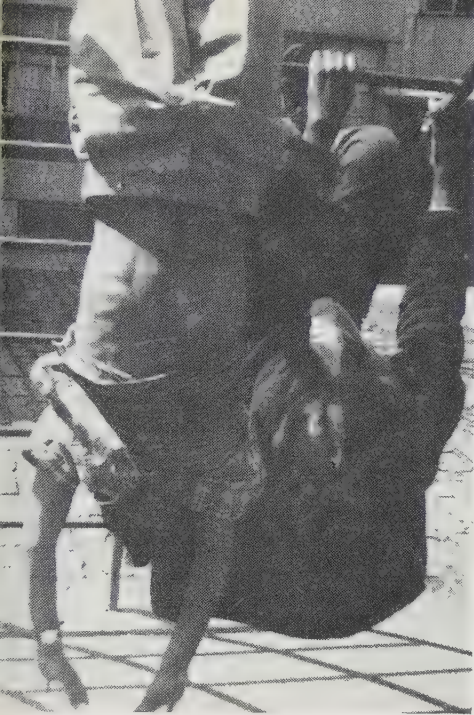


This is where I go to school. It's pretty beat up.

We play stickball. If you hit the wall three windows high, it's a triple. The strike's in a box in the middle of the wall.







Most playgrounds have bars that kids swing on.

It's fun shooting the pump. If you use tin cans with both ends cut out, you can aim the water anywhere you want to. You can't use two cans though or you'll cut your hands. That water's strong.





Men push carts and sell fruit and vegetables.  
We pick up fruit from them. At school they  
give us welfare food—just cheese, a big fat  
thick piece of cheese.

A lot of men play dominos and pitch pennies.







That's the coconut man. He scrapes the coconut and puts some canned milk in it, and sugar. Then he puts ice in it. It's cold and it's good.

The mailman has a good job and makes a lot of money. I wouldn't mind being a mailman.





Sometimes we take the subway to Coney Island to get a hot dog and go on the rides like the Thunder Bolt and the Cyclone.

Some little kids wear their underwears at the beach.







I went on a ferryboat ride once.  
I didn't want to come back. I  
wanted to stay on the water.



Do you believe that seeing a film with a moral, however hidden or obvious, or reading a pacifistic story can ever help change man and the course of history?

Whether you answer *yes* or *no* to that question at first thought, it might be well to keep it in mind and consider it again after you see the newly released film, "The Boys of Paul Street."

Based on an Hungarian novel by Frenc Molner, which is popular and/or required reading for many youth around the world, but which is unknown in English, "The Boys of Paul Street" is a film about the game of war—not war as we know it from TV newscoverage of the battle-fields of Southeast Asia, or even of the violent teenage gang wars in our nation's cities, but war as boys of the 19th and early 20th century understood and played it.

The scene is the early 1900's (1902 to be exact) in Budapest—the plot is a simple one: a gang of young teen-aged boys consider as their private playground a fenced-in vacant lot on Paul Street. Their "arch-enemies" the Red Shirt gang decide to take over this vacant lot (known as the "Grund") for them-

## THE BOYS OF PAUL STREET







elves. (The idea of a compromise and joint use of the lot never occurs to either group.)

As the story progresses, each group of boys forms itself into an army, stockpiles weapons (homemade spears and sand-balls), and plots out plans of attack and defense. All of this is done with great formality and pomp: a time for the war mutually agreed upon, rules of combat and use of weapons are set up—all reflecting the time when wars were fought with "honor" and civilians took picnic lunches to points overlooking battlefields—as was done for the last time during the Crimean War in the 1850's.

Yet—despite the romanticism and sentimentality which this film projects of an old city in a time past when life—at least to us in retrospect—was simple and men more noble—yet—the futility of war, both lives lost and causes gained, comes through clearly.

The film has its hero, and its traitor, and I was touched both by the way these roles were developed and by the way the young British actors played these roles. The hero is Ernő Nemescek—the smallest boy of the Paul Street gang who, as the

only private in their army, longs for a promotion, to be respected by the older boys, to be allowed to accompany them. He trusts them, loves them, is willing to die for them—and does just that. He is a symbol of the smallest and weakest who always bear the brunt of the battle and who, over the centuries, has accepted as inevitable the fate to suffer and die in vain.

Further, the author has shown the irony in the motives of war. The "Grund"—the cause for which the boys wage their war and to which Nemescek is devoted—is, unknown to them, already lost to both sides. The morning after their battle, workmen arrive to begin construction of a building on the site.

"The Boys of Paul Street" was filmed in Budapest by Hungarofilm with Zoltan Fabri, a Hungarian, directing. Twentieth Century Fox produced the film for distribution here. To sum up, in the words of the film's producer: "We have here a truly international co-production: An American producer; a Hungarian director (their best); a Hungarian production crew; English actors, and all revolving around the most important of international themes . . . peace."

# IMAGE OF LIFE



Photos and story by Eileen Ahrenholz

Mrs. Ahrenholz, a free-lance photographer and writer, and her husband who is a potter, traveled extensively through Mexico and the U.S. Southwest this past spring. This story is one result of their trip.





One or two room adobe or wattle homes, dusty yards fenced in by neat dense rows of pole cacti, a sleepy burro, a chicken strutting and pecking, small children running in the sun, an old woman sitting in the shade grinding corn, talking, flattening tortillas, talking—all are images of Mexico, of a small Mexican Indian village, images of Atzompa.

Atzompa is nestled at the base of a mountain at the top of which lie the ruins of Monte Alban—the remnants of a once magnificent culture, built by the ancestors of the people who now live in its shadow. The dust of the six mile road from the state capitol, Oaxaca, to Atzompa is occasionally churned by an antique bus, a herd of goats, or a burro.

The people of Atzompa are Zapotec Indians. Their life is dependent on the land. They work with it when it is light. They rest when it is dark. The people of Atzompa are potters. They make forms which have been passed down from generation to generation: round "ollos" to carry water, large flat plates, pitchers, basins—all from a salmon pink clay which they glaze jade green.

You know you're at Theodora's when you see a Coca Cola sign saying "Theodora Blanco" peeking above the pole cacti. Unlike most of the potters of Atzompa, Theodora and her children are the chroniclers of village life. Day after day in the cool darkness of their wattle house, their fingers mold people out of soft lumps of clay: a wedding procession with the priest, bride, groom, and the village drunk; agonizing crucifixes; ladies going to market, carrying birds on their heads and pigs under their arms. ▶

Theodora has gained recognition for her work from the Museo d'Artes Populares (Museum of Folk Art) in Mexico City, which keeps her busy with orders for her work. She is totally involved with and loves each figure as it grows in her hands. When she was convalescing from a recent eye operation, she made a figure of a woman without eyes—explaining that that was how she felt.

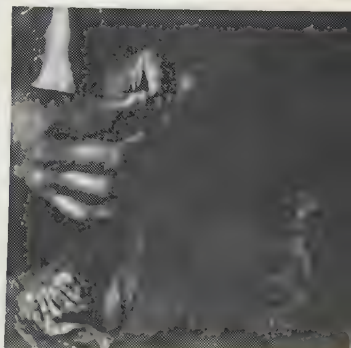
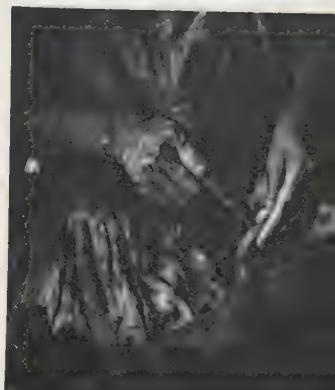
Luiz, 14, and Arturo, eight, when they are not in school, spend much of their time sitting with their mother, working with clay, while the other children play, laugh, shout, occasionally stop to poke their heads in at the door, make a face, and run away again. Arturo sits behind Theodora in the shadows watching what she does. If she makes an angel, so does he. If she makes a Christ figure, tortured on the cross, so does he. His are crude, but incredibly lively little figures.

Luiz makes animals—orchestras with elephants playing tubas, frogs playing clarinets—a basket with the head of a swan tucked under its wing.

He rolls a small lump of clay in between his fingers, ponders over it, laughs at his aunt who sits tucked in a corner of the room with a blaring transistor radio making flower vases. He prods the clay a little more. It begins to take shape. He rolls a thin strip of clay, sticks it on the lump, walks outside to pluck a few needles off a pole cactus. A few deft strokes with the needle on the lump of clay and it takes on eyes, whiskers, nostrils—it has become a mouse conducting an orchestra. Theodora says Luiz no longer has time to work with clay. His time is taken up with English lessons in a nearby town.

The method of working the clay has changed very little over the centuries. Several mornings a week, one of the men of the family walks with a burro four or five miles through the hills to mine the clay. When he returns, he dumps it in the yard—crumbly lumps of pale grey earth. One of the women pounds it with a long, heavy wooden mallet. Then an old man, sitting on a tree stump, sifts it, making a pale grey powder which falls into the bowl between his feet. The powder is mixed with water then worked with fingers—wedged, kneaded, pounded—until it becomes plastic and malleable. ▶



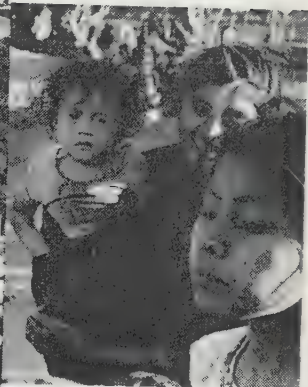
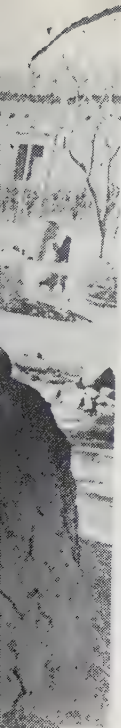




The finished pots are fired twice. In the first firing, the pale grey forms become salmon pink. Then a yellow liquid made from raw lead powder mined in the nearby hills is painted on them as a glaze. They are fired again and become a jade green in color.

The kiln is built with rounded wattle walls, and fired with wood. Sunday is a day of rest, and the time to fire the kiln at Theodora's. Her figures are only fired once, they are never glazed. Family and friends gather under a tree to watch as the kiln smokes and rumbles with the heat. An old man walks around it, throwing logs in the firing port at the bottom of the kiln as they are needed. After four hours, he lets the fire die down. Luiz, his aunt, and an older cousin bring long sticks with metal hooks from the house. With them, they carefully remove the flat plates from the top of the mound of pots. A blast of heat hits them. They move back and look at their week's work shimmering in the heat—their figures, their vases. Someone dips a poker into the kiln, a steaming angel emerges on its end. Theodora smiles, pleased to see that the angel is still in one piece. Figures pile up around the kiln. Luiz and Arturo rout through them to find their pieces. Theodora assembles her 40 piece wedding ceremony in the middle of the yard. Arturo assembles his over by the tree. Luiz doesn't have much this time; he's been too busy with school.









The sun is low in the mountains as the last figure is removed from the kiln. A transistor radio plays in the next yard. Theodora settles herself under the tree with one-year-old Roberto feeding at her breast. Children and chickens scurry among the clay figures. Luiz and his friends stand nearby looking at a picture of Theodora in a recent issue of "Holiday" magazine.

After the pots are fired, they are packed into baskets and slung on backs of burros to be taken to the markets—Oaxaca on Saturday, Etla on Thursday. Theodora's figures are packed and sent to Mexico City or to a few craft shops in Oaxaca. ►





A big black Lincoln Continental slowly pulls up by the pole cactus fence. Two middle-aged Americans, a man and a woman, walk into the yard. Theodora walks over to receive them. The lady speaks a little Spanish. She exclaims over the wedding ceremony. Can she buy them? "No, they are for the Museo d'Arte Populares." Perhaps, then, Theodora would pose for pictures with her work? Theodora settles on the ground behind her figures and smiles as the camera shutter clicks. The couple select five other figures, pay Theodora, and leave saying they will come back again soon.

As are hand-crafts everywhere, the crafts of Mexico are dying in the face of the machine age. The tourist industry keeps it alive in one way—but kills it too as workers give in to the temptation to produce quickly and carelessly the trinkets that will mean another peso from a wealthy tourist. That is a sad substitute for the inspiration which gave birth to the figures and pots of their ancestors. Theodora, Luiz, and Arturo still inject love and excitement into each lump of clay that they touch. As one walks through the hall in the Anthropological Museum in Mexico City devoted to the state of Oaxaca, one realizes that Theodora and her children, along with a handful of other craftsmen, may be a symbol of the small, dying gasp of a once monumental civilization. ▼





# trip to the country

By James Carson / A slender young man approached the microphone to the accompaniment of a tumult of applauding and whistling. Yet, as he sang, he was tense. The microphone was not picking up his voice. At least the people who had packed the pews and stood in the back aisles of the Grand Ole Opry House could not hear him. He finished and the applause was as tumultuous as before. He was, after all, Bob Dylan, and the audience took it on faith that his new song was great.

Then Johnny Cash came on and joined Dylan in "Girl of the North Country." The performance was being taped in Nashville, Tennessee for the premiere of the Johnny Cash Show on ABCTV which was broadcast June 7th. The audio engineers were apparently satisfied with the take even though the audience had not been able to hear the voices on the last song either. Dylan was nervous. It was announced that he would sing the songs again—this time for the audience. The young people who had begun lining up over two hours earlier showed their wild appreciation. Their faith in Dylan was rewarded.

Dylan fans hadn't always been trusting. They booed him at the Newport Folk Festival the year he committed the perfidy of going electric. Being a long-time Dylan fan myself, I remember the shock I felt at his concert. After intermission, he came back with other musicians who carried amplified instruments. He pounded the piano and wailed, "Something is happening here and you don't know what it is, do you?"

Photos by James Carson



r. Jones?," and still the electric guitars and bass almost drowned him out.

I think that then Dylan fans had to be avid, almost rabid. No one seemed to like Dylan at first exposure and parents never did. Before he went electric there wasn't much to like except his voice and words, and the older generation thought that his voice was awful and his lyrics meaningless. No one "sort of" liked him. You either thought he was genius or a no-talent. That explains, I think, the dismay his fans felt when he went electric. We were a group of fanatics ready to honor and defend our revolutionary leader when suddenly he changed positions. Dylan did change, regardless, and we realized that he had done something that was entirely new and they were not sold out and they changed, too. Most of the music industry followed.

John Lennon once admitted, "I was in awe of Bob Dylan." Arlo Guthrie said recently on the Tonight Show that he was more influenced by Bob Dylan than his own father. "Dylan is today," was his explanation.

When I went to the rehearsals and filming of the Johnny Cash Show I wanted to find out where Dylan was leading now. And the answer seemed to be toward country music. At the first rehearsal I heard him sing, "I Threw It All Away," a song on his new album, "Nashville Skyline." He had only his guitar for accompaniment since this was a rehearsal without the orchestra. It was plain and plaintive as a Hank

Williams' composition. Later, I heard Johnny Cash's wife, June Carter, tell Dylan that she got goosebumps whenever she heard the song. Of course, with full arrangement the song sounded much different; but the country flavor was unmistakable. Even Dylan's second song on the show, "Livin' the Blues" sounded more like country blues than any other.

If Bob Dylan was moving toward country music, then the music in-

Johnny Cash and Bob Dylan





ustry was welcoming him with open arms. Bob Johnston, a producer for Columbia Records, persuaded him to come to Nashville where his two last albums, "John Wesley Harding" and "Nashville Skyline" were recorded. They both got gold records. When I asked Doug Kershaw, a country artist who appeared on the Cash show with Dylan and became friends with him, if Dylan was going to write more country songs, he told me, "Bob has always written some country. People just didn't realize it before."

Just how much has the famous Nashville Sound influenced the new Dylan sound? One of the musicians who played with him on the show and the album told me, "Bob does all his own arranging. He just comes into the studio and makes it up as he goes. If someone throws in a lick and he likes it, it stays."

As much as I wanted to know about Dylan's new music I also wanted to know if he, himself, had changed. A film made about him by a man named Pennebaker and titled, "Don't Look Back" showed Bob Dylan to be insecure and with interviewers diffident and intractable. This cinema vérité film caught such statements as: "I don't believe in anything; I am not a cynic; I have nothing to say about the things I write, I only write them;" and "Truth is a photograph of a tramp vomiting into a sewer next to a photograph of Nelson Rockefeller." Bob Dylan had definitely changed appearance. I had seen him before with long, fine hair and a complexion so pale as to appear transparent. Now he had a healthy color

and much shorter hair. He could almost have passed for a country boy in his jeans, blue shirt, and boots.

Apparently he is no more extroverted than before. When I approached him to ask for a close-up, he spoke not a word while the fat man at his side brushed me off. However, I was standing backstage talking with another photographer when Dylan passed on his way out. He stopped and turned back. "Maybe we can get to that shot tomorrow," he told me. I thanked him and we shook hands. He seemed to want to do it, though it made him uncomfortable, because I needed it. The next day everything was late and hurry-up and there was no chance.

As I left the Opry House the evening of the taping of the show I was startled. A young girl in a loose and very flowing costume stepped out of the dark alley beside the old building. She had been looking for a way backstage no doubt, since Dylan was still inside. She was like a ghost image from one of Dylan's older songs. How fitting, I thought. ▼





# poems of love

Barbara L. Clark writes:

My poems were not written for sale, for publication, or for strangers. They were written for sharing with the people I love, and so they have been shared with only a few.

One thing motivates me, at this point, to change. The people who read and love Youth magazine must be people something like me, and for that reason I would like now to share with them.

## AT CHILDHOOD'S END

I wandered  
among tall dark buildings  
with dusty grey windows,  
silvered faces that I couldn't see through.  
Kicking a tin can  
down the alley  
I whistled  
and played a game of hide and seek  
with an emerald-eyed black cat  
that, slinking between two garbage cans,


knocked their lids askew  
in her enthusiasm  
to win the game.  
I called out to the others  
who lived on my street  
and in my house,  
and we ran  
in a herd—  
wild animals—  
to a square of open space  
grassless, treeless  
where we made a magic carpet  
out of a musty, mildewed mattress  
and a thousand-room castle  
from six splintery crates.  
The sun glanced off  
triangle-bits of broken bottles  
and spread before us  
a path of green and amber jewels.  
In the night I walked home  
and, clean and nearly naked,  
climbed into bed with my two brothers,  
huddled against their puppy-warmth,  
and traced a smile  
on the cold, steam-frosted window next to us  
before I slept.  
And in the morning  
early  
I woke to see my mother  
standing over me,  
a single tear running down her cheek,  
as she murmured  
"Poor baby,  
Poor baby."  
And I wondered why she said that,  
what she meant,  
and why she wept.  
I was a child and so  
I did not know it was for me.

## IN CODE

Help me  
to understand  
the secret logic  
of a world where  
we must live in dreams  
and dream nightmare realities  
and  
seek the truth  
by running from it,  
where we  
smile and smile  
to keep from weeping  
and  
make senseless raging noises  
so as not to hear  
the silence.







I am but  
                  one  
in a set  
                  of interlocking pieces,  
and I have no significance  
until  
                  I am joined  
                  in some way  
                  with another  
to form  
                  a part of  
                  something greater  
                  than myself.

FOR  
SPECTATORS  
ONLY

On my tiny  
silent  
silver screen  
the people wander  
to and fro  
actors  
making gestures  
mouthing words  
and only I—  
the watcher—  
know  
the special loneliness  
of disbelief.

To look at  
my reflection  
in mirrors  
the measure of both  
inward and outward things  
is  
to remember imperfection  
and be sad,  
not for myself,  
you understand,  
but that I am not  
a more worthy thing  
for you  
to love.

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for you  
to love.



dressed in evanescent  
white  
which embraces her  
in wet transparency  
a girl  
hears voices,  
waits and watches  
at the corner  
of some twisted and forgotten road  
unable to see  
if  
there is something  
coming  
toward  
her.

## QUALIFICATION

Intact  
I stood on my pedestal—  
unsure—  
silent, stony statuette  
while the thunder tried to shatter me  
and the falling rain  
failed to penetrate my numbness;  
but one day,  
carelessly,  
I stepped down and was broken;  
I felt pain  
and I wept salt tears  
and then  
when I ached  
I knew  
I was a living thing.

To come of age,  
my young one,  
is to realize  
the profoundest contradictions  
between  
that which is  
and that which appears to be:  
there are words  
                  which are not spoken,  
there is weeping without tears;  
there is love  
                  that knows not embracing,  
there is that belief which exists  
                  though it knows not a thing to believe in;  
there is torment, my friend,  
                  that masks itself as peace;  
there is a kind of death  
                  that refuses to close its eyes  
                  and continues to breathe.



even a single rose  
sent with love  
is a part of the  
Beauty  
which will  
drop by drop  
fill the oceans  
of the world  
with laughter  
until  
one day  
everything  
but the face of God  
is washed  
away

# SECRETS

The clown  
in his dressing room  
sits in front of his mirror,  
wipes off his greasepaint smile,  
looks at himself  
and weeps.

And the bareback rider  
takes off her frothy  
fairytale-princess costume  
and her innocence,  
puts on a cotton dress,  
slams the door,  
and goes to meet her lover.

While the highwire walker  
with his nerves of steel  
takes his mistress—  
a bottle of cheap wine—  
and drinks himself to sleep.

And the midget  
walks back and forth  
below the bareback rider's window  
because he loves her  
while the fat lady  
watches him sadly  
from her room across the street.  
And the lion tamer  
shivers and cries out in his sleep  
that he is afraid.

The lights go out;  
the tents come down;  
the circus ends.



## A REASONABLE FAREWELL

there was only  
silence  
at the joining of our hands;  
and there were only  
shadows  
as we walked together  
forward  
through a barren, windswept country;  
but,  
    as if marking  
    the instant when I turned from you,  
    at last letting go,  
    and named  
    in the breath of one goodbye  
    what I alone knew as a gift,  
the sky tore  
and through its ragged edges  
came the sun  
and the sound of someone  
whispering  
love



By George Keenen / "Build a better mousetrap," the saying goes, "and the world will beat a path to your door." This saying, I suspect, coined by a wise old mouse, knew that people won't beat a path anywhere . . . unless you advertise.

Americans are without doubt the most advertising-conscious people in the world. They run ads in the streets, in churches and morgues, on mailboxes, books and envelopes and bananas and calendars, on taxis and toothpicks and busses. Some day a baby will be born with a cigarette advertisement on its forehead, and no one will be surprised.

Of all our media, television is perhaps the most inescapable. It reaches more people more often with more impact: Americans watch nearly six hours of TV every day. That's what makes it so profitable to advertise on TV. It might be worthwhile to look behind the scenes and see what it takes to get a TV commercial on the air. Who knows? Maybe some day you'll build a better advertising agency.

Congratulations! After 38 years of painstaking work, you have invented a better mousetrap. It has cost three fingers and 850 pounds of cheese, but you have done it. You have made a major contribution to civilization. Well, don't just stand there. Your work has only begun. First thing to do is

**PICK AN AGENCY.** There are some 5000 agencies in the country, but you go to New York and narrow your choice to six or seven top agencies.

s. Each of them makes a presentation. Ad men call this "pitching a w account;" it gives them a chance to show what they can do. Five agencies present names for your mousetrap. "Vermin Vanish." "Pied Piper." "The Mouse Fooler." "ZAP!" "Mouse death." It's a tough choice, but the sixth agency has shown a little more pizzazz. They not only have a name, "Last Meal," but a slogan: "Keep our trap open and your trap shut." You like their stuff. You make Banal, Coarse & Vulgar your new agency.

COMING UP WITH A CONCEPT. The boys at BC&V assign three men to your account. A copywriter, an art director (a/d), and an account man to handle the business end.

The first thing they do is take a survey of a representative group of people. Analysis of this survey proves that they suspected all along: most people won't buy a mousetrap, but they will. Using this startling information, the writer and a/d, working as a creative unit, decide to buy mice and sell the mousetraps directly to people. It is a daring decision, typical of the work that has rocketed BC&V to the top. The writer and a/d spend days jotting down ideas, looking out the window, using their fertile creative minds to ponder, making spitballs, and arm wrestling. After three weeks they come up with a concept. "All our commercials," they declare, "should be built around the idea that the mouse doesn't kill the mouse, it just kills it away." People don't mind

killing rats, but they rather like mice. Mice are nice, and we must work on that assumption."

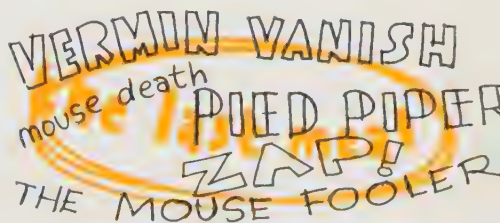
They throw out all their other ideas (Mouse writing out last will and testament; endorsement from Mickey Mouse, etc.) and concentrate on the mice-are-nice theme.

The final commercial is simple, to the point, and touching:

Man kneels in front of mouse hole. Shouts, "Here mousie. Mousie want to go by-by?" Mousie doesn't answer or come out. Man jumps up and down angrily. An off-camera voice comes in: "Excuse me, sir, but mice are nice. Why don't you keep our trap open and your trap shut?"

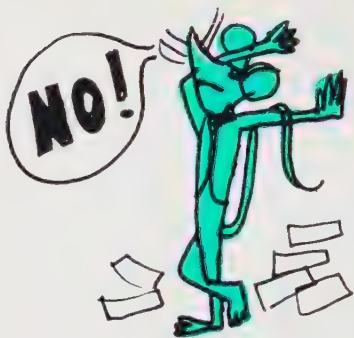
Man takes Last Meal Trap and places it by mouse hole. He waits. Soon he hears a click. He smiles. "Mousie is going by-by," he says. "Mousie is going on a trip to that Great Limburger in the sky. Mousie is..." The announcer interrupts him: "Why don't you keep our trap open and your trap shut?" The name "Last Meal Mouse Traps" appears. End of commercial.

STORYBOARD AND PRESENTATION. This commercial idea is put in script form on a "storyboard," a simple visual presentation of how the finished commercial will look.



VERMIN VANISH  
mouse death  
PIED PIPER  
ZAP!  
THE MOUSE FOOLER





This storyboard is then presented to the agency supervisors. After they approve it, they present it to you. You squint at it with your beady eyes, and then say something like, "Good, J. B. Let's run it up the flagpole and see who salutes." J. B. takes the storyboard and returns it to the writer and a/d saying, "The ball's in our court guys. Let's put it on the back porch and see if the cats lick it up." This means the commercial is ready for

**PRE-PRODUCTION.** First the writer and a/d select a film production company. The production company supplies the film, the cameras, the studio, the set and the director. The writer and a/d must then sit down with the director and discuss lighting, camera angles, the actors, and the general tone they want the finished commercial to have. Casting is another important part of pre-production. (It is also expensive. Actors receive a fee for each day they work, plus something called "residuals." This means they receive money every time the commercial is shown on the air.) The agency casting director contacts a model agency that specializes in mice, and

they send a few over for an information casting session.

The first mouse who reads for the part has plenty of experience (*Dean Martin Show, Rat Patrol*) but he is too old for the part. The second is right for the part, but when he finds out it's for a mousetrap commercial, he makes a movie out of it. "I won't sell out my fellow mice," he says. "Some mice won't do cheese ads. I won't do mousetrap ads. Or cigarette ads, for that matter." The fourth mouse looks ratty. And so it goes.

Finally, they settle on a mouse. Good pink nose, long whiskers. The mouse's face has character, and can be acted. Next they cast the man—men are much easier to cast than mice—and tell everyone to be ready on the set at 8 a.m. sharp for

**THE SHOOTING.** This is the day. The chips are down. Now to see if that their idea comes off on film. The 60-second commercial is on 90 feet of film. One would think that could be shot in a few minutes. But everything is done slowly, with great care. Cameras are set up, lights are arranged, make-up applied, test shots taken.

Then they begin. Take after take. Some good, some bad. They keep shooting, looking for that perfect take. "Look angrier," they tell the man. "Look more frightened," they tell the mouse. On take number 10 the mouse slips into the trap and... click. That's the last take. 7 bad. No residuals for that mouse.

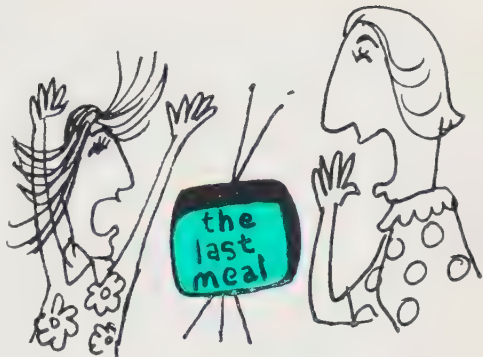
**POST-PRODUCTION.** Now that they have the film, they have to edit

They pick out the best takes and piece them together into what is known as a "rough-cut" version of the film. Then they hire a recording studio to tape the announcer's voice. They also pick out some snappy music for the ending.

They show you the commercial while it is still in crude form. If you approve, they send it off to the labs for a final print. It is now out of their hands.

And that's everything: the concept, and the various stages of executing the concept. The media department has also been working behind the scenes. It is their job to see that your commercial is aired on the shows with the best kind of audience. *The Mighty Mouse Playhouse*, for instance, would be the long kind of show. But a documentary about slums would be just not.

The writer and a/d have spent about three months of their lives thinking about nothing but mouse-eyes and the people who buy them. They have spent about \$30,000 of your money to produce your commercial. They will spend another



\$20-30,000 every time it runs on the air. Now, having solved your problem—you hope—they will go back to the things they love—spray deodorants, mouthwashes, and dog food.

**THE ULTIMATE TEST.** Finally Banal, Coarse & Vulgar calls to tell you that your commercial will be on the air that night for the first time. Nineteen million Americans will see it. You go home from work a proud man. You gather your family around you and turn on the TV. Will they ever be surprised!

Then after a commercial for a living bra and a white tornado, your commercial comes on. Your wife and daughter scream with laughter. "What a dumb, idiotic, worthless commercial. Isn't it awful daddy?" Your friends call to say what a stupid commercial they have just seen. Your mother-in-law writes from Peoria to say she has just seen a commercial that is unusually banal, coarse, and vulgar.

And for the boys at BC&V, that makes it all worth while. ▼



# touch & go

## CONTINUING CORRESPONDENCE

C. P. says (May 18) that I did Nietzsche an injustice in YOUTH, Feb. 23. Maybe Nietzsche did himself the injustice. It was he, not I, who said: "If there were gods how could I bear not to be a god! *Therefore*, there are no gods." (*Thus Spoke Zarathustra*.) C. P. is correct that Nietzsche also said that we men have killed God: but then he went on to add that to become worthy of this deed we must "become gods." (*The Gay Science*.)

Nietzsche is a mixture of brilliance and foolishness. Any Christian who wants to get the real sting of Nietzsche should think about his charge that the churches are the tombs of God. That hurts!

—Roger Shinn, N.Y.

## WAGONS HO!

"The Settlers and the Pioneers" by Wes Seeliger in your May 18th issue was delightful. The series should be put on large posters and made available for display and discussion. S.D./Lewiston, Idaho

I think Father Wes Seeliger's article on "Pioneer Theology" is just great. It is good solid theology in an exciting catchy format.

It also allows for an easy revision of the Doxology:

Praise the Trail Boss from whom encouragement flows.

Praise him, all pioneers on the go.

Praise him, all pioneers without number.

Praise the trail boss, scout, and

buffalo hunter. Yeah, yeah.

R.H./Storrs, Conn.

## PRAISE FROM HOME

Although by chronological (37 years), I cannot be considered a "youth"—possibly I could be considered one in spirit. At any rate, I am an avid reader of YOUTH magazine and was especially thrilled with the entire contents of the issue of May 18, 1969. The "Nowhere Man" really shows each generation where the other is, and to a great extent, the cause of the "communication gap" in the "generation gap." I feel this article would be beneficial for all to read or hear if there were a way to put it before the ears of the masses. Thanks so much to the many, many eye-openers you place before us.

J.L./Gallipolis, Ohio

## AND OVERSEAS

I think we receive about 80 youth magazines every month, both from the east and from the west. YOUTH is really great, and we can only hope that we feel it is one of the best magazines on youth which appear in the world today. We would like very much to reprint from it from time to time in our monthly, "Vrije Voeten" for Flemish Protestant youth and older people.

C.V./Antwerp, Belgium

EDITORS' NOTE: This year's Creative Arts issue will be the issue dated September 14th—rather than our August issue as in other years.



gain, we have had so many excellent entries this year (over 3000) that we will be printing two Creative Arts issues. The September 14 issue will be Creative Arts I—Creative Arts II will be published sometime later in the year.

#### BIAFRA ARTICLE, GRAVE ERROR

I am amazed and disturbed by the amount of sensationalism and inaccuracy which appeared in your April 10th article, "Biafra Close-up." Indications that the war is one for personal power instead of one for tribal liberation are many. In pre-war Nigeria, Ibo representatives filled between 45-55 percent of the seats of the Nigerian legislature; clearly not a sign of oppression. Highly respected and influential Ibo leader Chukwuemeka Odumegwu Ojukwu is strongly opposed to a separated Biafra. There remain over half a million Ibos in Nigeria who refuse to support Ojukwu. Biafra itself is only 60 percent Ibo by composition. And perhaps the greatest indicator of all is that, during the first two weeks of the war, Biafran troops attacked and occupied the wholly non-Ibo Midwestern province until driven out by force. Therefore, although appeals to old traditions have been made by both sides in an attempt to unify the masses, tribalism cannot be interpreted as a major cause for the war. In answering the question, "What has been the response of other nations to the war?" Mr. Dick neglects to mention that every African nation, with the exception of only three, ac-

tively support Nigeria, condemning Ojukwu for breaking African unity in a quest for personal power.

Finally, Mr. Dick does not mention the positions of the inhabitants of occupied Biafra. One hundred million dollars has so far been reserved for the rehabilitation of Biafrans by the Nigerian government. More is accruing. This money is distributed by those Ibos who have remained in the Nigerian government, so that Ibos are supervising food distribution now, and will oversee reconstruction should Nigeria win the war. Hence it seems the best way to feed the starving children of Biafra is to dispose of Ojukwu, especially considering that he himself refuses to allow food to be flown in.

In conclusion, I challenge YOUTH magazine, which I heretofore have considered to be a progressive magazine, to check these statements which I have made, to research the subject for itself, and to offer to its readers a fair and unbiased account of the Nigerian Civil War. It speaks poorly of America, if her citizens and media, instead of taking the time to learn the facts about Africa, are so easily persuaded by persistent sensationalism. I regret to say that "Biafra Close-up" appears to be such a case. D.R./Beloit, Wis.

Our sincere apologies go to Mr. Paul Buck for not giving him credit for the excellent photographs of the Doodletown Pipers which he took for our June 29, 1969 issue of YOUTH.



DRAFT AGE BY JAMES WYETH  
Courtesy Farnsworth Museum  
Reproduced by permission

## JAMIE WYETH, PAINTER



Y NANCY BURDEN / Jamie Wyeth, the young artist was a pleasant surprise.

First, on the phone. "Yes, I'm sure we can work out an interview," he told me. "Gee, thanks very much." "Gee thanks!" Some young men with the same considerable talent and notoriety as the 23-year-old Jamie Wyeth, son of famous painter Andrew Wyeth, might not have been so open—at least not right away.

And, now, he was showing me and a photographer around his studio in his rural home community of Chadds Ford, Pa.

The studio is the emptied living room of a suburban-looking white house where Jamie had once lived. Jamie's parents had lived there early in their marriage. Andrew Wyeth paints in another room in this house that is set in an area of trees and in sight of hills in this particular quiet corner of Delaware County. Chadds Ford is only about 20 miles southwest of Philadelphia and deceptively close to U.S. Route 1.

It was a May day. Warm. And Jamie was in sand-colored jeans and faded blue shirt and sneakers—a tousled-haired, brown-eyed youth, smoking a cigaret and making easy conversation.

Sun poured in through a huge studio window. A blanket held back the rest. Paint tubes were scattered about. On a far wall, a skeleton hanging from a huge, wooden lion's head. The lion's head had once decorated a circus wagon. A thousand-legged skittered across the floor. Our young host had only one rest.

"Don't take a picture of me at the easel. I hate pictures like that."

So we sat down in a high-backed peacock chair—the same chair in which he had just recently painted his father. But as the camera clicked and Jamie talked with his slight hint of a stammer, it was this younger Wyeth who held all of our attention. What I already knew passed through my mind.

Certainly that he had been earning his own reputation with a brush since teen-agehood—the talented third generation in an American art dynasty started by his late grandfather, illustrator N. C. Wyeth.

That at age 20, he had his own show in New York—20 paintings and 41 watercolors—gaining wide attention. That prominent people have sat for his portraitist's skills.

That last year he gained national attention when he finished his posthumous portrait of President Kennedy. The artist, then, was pictured as a handsome, young swinger who enjoyed life's good things, including a N.Y. apartment and a flashy car.

And then, this past Dec. 12, quietly, and to some, unexpectedly, he married the former Phyllis Mills, a beautiful, blonde young woman from Middleburg, Va., whom he had met four and a half years ago.

Since he was seated in the peacock chair, I asked him if it was a help or a hindrance to be Andrew Wyeth's son. "Both," he answered.

"It's been a great help," he said first. "I don't think I would have gone to Washington (to do the Kennedy portrait) if my name hadn't been Jamie Wyeth. ►



"But it's a hindrance in some ways, too. I'm compared all the time and that's stiff competition, I don't mind telling you.

"But hell, I'm going to use it to the nth degree. I just want to get people to pose and I'll use any chance that comes along."

As did his father, Andrew, now the highest-priced living American artist, Jamie left school in the sixth grade to study painting. He was tutored at home in English, history, mathematics and the rest and got his diploma that way.

It was his idea.

"I asked to do it," he said, "because I found that being in school every afternoon until three there just wasn't enough time to paint.

"My father agreed with me. But my mother was against it. That first year was sort of a trial period to see how it would work.

"It was kind of lonely at first, but I saw my friends after school."

He shrugged. "I just wanted to paint more. It's as simple as that."

Jamie's older brother, Nicky, wasn't interested in being a painter, so he stayed in school, like other boys, and attended college. He is in the art world, though, and works for the Wildenstein Gallery in N.Y.

Young Wyeth said that he wouldn't presume to tell aspiring artists still in school to do what he did, but he did have an observation about youth and their goals.

"I don't think young people concentrate on one thing enough these days," he said. "They spread themselves too thin, trying this, trying that. And even if a person doesn't

have one strong bent, maybe there's one little spark that could be encouraged. He needs to be pushed, otherwise it gets watered down.

"And how exposed you can get through that one thing! I don't want to sound dramatic, but Thoreau saw everything in Concord and it was applicable to the whole world."

Jamie saw a parallel. As much as the world knows, Andrew Wyeth has concentrated his work in Chadds Ford and Maine. "But daddy's more isolated," his son said.

That first year away from school Jamie was taught by his aunt, Carolyn Wyeth, who today paints in the late N. C. Wyeth's large studio up the hill from the studio Jamie and Andrew share. She put her willful nephew to work by the hour painting takingly drawing forms and shapes, forms and shapes.

"It was the only real instruction I had," he said. The rest was living and breathing painting with his father.

To date, Jamie, too, has studied pretty much to Chadds Ford and Maine for his subject matter: corn crib, a friend, a barn interior, mushrooms being picked, gravestones, a woolly sheep in Maine.

"I just haven't had the urge to go elsewhere," he said, indicating that other locales weren't beyond the realm of possibility.

Of course, portrait painting can send one to traveling, and young Wyeth admitted: "If I were doing a portrait of someone, I'd follow him to India to finish it."

He won't say that he prefers doing portraits to scenes of the country.

le, but finds that he "drifts back" them. Former Governor of Delaware Charles L. Terry sat for Jamie. So did actor-producer Robert Montgomery and New York Ballet patron Lincoln Kirstein. He has received as high as \$20,000 for one painting. Jamie's recently-finished portrait of his father shows the latter in an ornate cape-coat.

The genial look so often associated with Andrew Wyeth is missing in the portrait and his expression is almost grim. His son has painted him as he has often seen him, choosing his private face.

"When people see him, he's usually laughing and joking," Jamie said. "But when he's painting, he's awfully serious."

Undoubtedly, the portrait by Jamie Wyeth (full name James Downing Wyeth) that has caused the greatest stir is the one he painted of President Kennedy. Jamie had never met the eyes on the late President, but researched every facet of the man and his milieu in Washington (which he termed "intoxicating"), Hyannisport, and on the campaign trail with Senator Edward Kennedy, who was his life model.

Sketches of Ted Kennedy and the late Bobby Kennedy are very much in evidence in the artist's den.

The portrait was completed in the spring of 1968. After much confusion as to whether it would be the official Kennedy portrait and where it would hang, the finished work was finally accepted for the Kennedy Memorial Library to be built in Hyannisbridge, Mass. The artist appears to be satisfied.

"I think it's the right place for it," he said. "The President was going to work there. It's not an official portrait and the library will not be an official place."

The portrait, which shows a ruddy-faced President in a thoughtful mood, is doing the rounds of the Kennedy family at the moment. "It's with the Sargent Shriver's now in the embassy in Paris," Jamie said.

The portrait has received praise, but young Wyeth is his own severest critic about it: "I'm most unsatisfied with it because I didn't see him. It is purely interpretive."

*"I just wanted to paint more.  
It is as simple as that."*





PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY

Oil, painted by James Wyeth in 1967

Courtesy Farnsworth Museum

Reproduced by permission



*Jamie had never set eyes  
on the late President . . .*

Jamie Wyeth, a clean-cut, likable, polite young man, believes that artists are just like other people, and indeed if you met him dressed up at a party or in his work clothes down at Hank's, a luncheonette not far from his studio where he sometimes eats lunch, you probably wouldn't put a paint brush in his hand.

"People think that we are so different," he said. "But art isn't so different from other professions. There are many similarities. You have standards in art just as you do in other fields and you have to have the same dedication to work.

"Take painting and politics. A painter has to be dedicated to his brushes and canvas and a politician to people."

But a politician needs college and a painter doesn't, Wyeth remarked. "I think painting is the only profession today where this is so."

"But you do need training for art," he said. "Some people think you can flip into it."

Truth, not controversy, appears to be Jamie Wyeth's goal.

His 1965 portrait of a young man titled, "Draft Age," might appear to be making a controversial point, but it wasn't conceived with a message in mind, said Jamie.

"I make social comment all the time with my work," he said. But he emphasized that his work isn't a means for social comment.

"I was concerned about the draft at the time, but purely in a subconscious way. If you're concerned about something, you'll reflect this in your work."

The artist said, though, that he is



against the Vietnam war. But, no draft-card burner, he is satisfying his military obligations with the Air National Guard in Delaware. He reports for duty one weekend a month.

On another topic of youth, I asked Jamie what he thought of the campus revolutionists who disrupt classes, take over buildings, and manhandle teachers. He said he had little patience with them.

"If they want to change things, they should try to do it through their work or through the administrative structure or become politicians," he said. "I can't help doubt people who try for instant answers."

And, what about nudity in the theater?

"I have no feeling against it at all. I think it's great. I don't think there should be any bounds. People don't have to go see them."

On a subject closer to home, I asked him how he defends the charge of some critics that the representational style of the Wyeths is a throwback from the past and something the camera can do better.

"What can I say?" he said. He hardly stirred in his chair at the mention of it. Neither did he appear upset when I mentioned the anti-Wyeth New York Times review that followed his debut show. "I was hoping for some constructive criticism but I didn't get any," he said.

An article in the New York World Journal Tribune just preceding the show was highly favorable.

To some, at first glance, Jamie Wyeth's paintings look like his father's. Jamie, however, urges a closer look.

"Our work is totally different," said. "Two people can't be alike."

Barbara L. Goldsmith, author of the World Journal Tribune article, said that many of the young Wyeth's paintings seen from a distance seem to be abstractions, "up close there emerge the objects of the picture described."

"I still feel that I'm a student painter," said Jamie.

His standards for his work? "Very high," he said, and laughed. "I never get there, but anyway."

When it comes to criticizing another's work, the two Wyeths are frank. "Father and son go out in the window then," said Jamie. "Dad is more helpful to me than I am to him, needless to say. He's a terrific teacher. He speaks in general and you have to teach yourself."

When he is asked what artists he admires today he admires besides his father, Jamie Wyeth is hard put to name. Pietro Annigoni, an Italian portrait painter, came to mind. "I like George Segal's work," he said. "Segal does plaster figures of men and women. 'They're damned interesting,'" he said.

He said he also likes Salvador Dali's pencil drawings and some "etchings" by Picasso.

Andy Warhol's pop art is "a very interesting turn back to what we're doing, toward realism," but it has "no lasting value," just "shock value" in Wyeth's opinion.

Before the interview was over, Jamie bumped over the country roads in his old runabout "rattler" to Lincoln to his new home, "P.O. Box 100, Lookout," only about a ten-minute drive.

amie described his wife as  
A great person . . ."





drive from the studio. And, while there, we visited briefly with Phyllis Wyeth, a captivating, plucky young woman, who after a devastating auto accident in 1962, gets around now on metal crutches.

The young Wyeth's new home, which Jamie bought from Phyllis's mother, is a 300-acre farm, part in Chadds Ford and part over the Pennsylvania state line in Delaware. Jamie calls it "the hotel," but it's clear that he loves it.

White stucco-on-stone with green-black shutters, it dates back to 1740 in part but looks more like Civil War period architecture than colonial. It is a house that catches the sunlight and the spring breezes. It has a sunken patio and an old-fashioned porch and in the rear there is a large, round swimming pool.

The young Mrs. Wyeth, 28, who is tall, with brown eyes, chiseled features and shoulder-length blonde hair often tied back in the current fashion, is a fitting mistress for "Point Lookout."

The day we met she wore a gaily-colored shirt and white bell-bottom slacks. She moved nimbly on the metal crutches.

"A great person" is the way Jamie described his wife, earlier to me.

"I'm outspoken," she said of herself, and probably she needs to be now that she has married into the large Wyeth art clan that extends beyond the name Wyeth to McCoy and Hurd. "I tell them if I don't like a painting," she said. "I figure they know me well enough. Jamie says to me 'Phyllis, you shouldn't do that.'" But she speaks her mind.

Phyllis Wyeth not only brings impressive social credentials to her marriage with the Wyeth heir apparent, but charm and a keen intelligence. While Jamie is painting, she is doing her own particular thing, which is community work.

A project to which she gives a great deal of time is Children's Beach House, a Wilmington organization that runs a summer camp for 72 handicapped children and also gives scholarships to handicapped children.

Phyllis has a social science degree from Finch College and a year at Columbia University School of Social Work. She wants eventually to get her social work degree.

Despite her injury, which rendered her completely paralyzed for two months, Phyllis manages to canoe with her husband on nearby Brandywine Creek, drive a car and ride horseback. Favorite forms of relaxation for Jamie are driving his flashing Cobra 427 and sailing along the Maine coast.

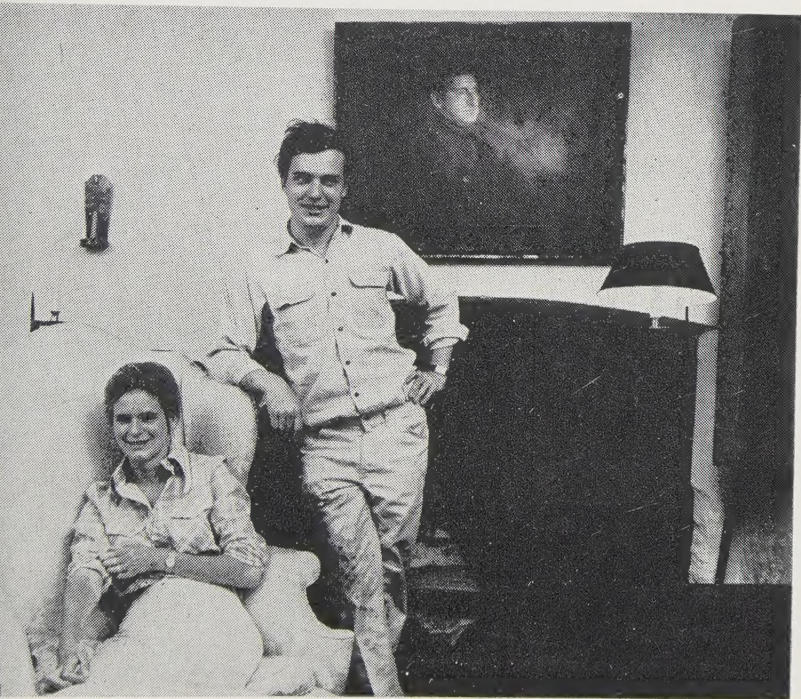
This summer, the young couple are on Monhegan Island, Me., in the house Jamie bought from artist Robert Rauschenberg. A highpoint of Jamie's year's stay was the opening July of Jamie's first museum show in the Farnsworth Museum, Rockland, Me.

What next for the young artist? First, he will be sketching our new returned Apollo 11 astronauts! Jamie wonders what the future will bring. Will the son exceed the father? We heard a couple of people say they prefer Jamie's work to his father's. "And he's only 23, now," one said.

It's interesting to contemplate



*Art isn't so different from other professions"*





sing me a song  
for all of the days  
when

love is a lonely  
world  
where you pretend to sit next to me  
and yet I hear you

far

a voice  
no more than soft wind  
in Spanish moss  
where

I see you  
always on the

other shore  
hung to the sky  
with a veil spun of fog

do not watch me weep,

please,

but play a song  
(in pastels)  
to fill up the hours  
when

love is a  
broken glass memory  
of having sailed one celestial sea  
in the universe of your mind

By Barbara L. C